The Fall of the Drake Family

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The story of Nathan Drake, young millionaire who loses his families wealth and much much more to his girlfriends cunning plans.

Content warning: Femdom, SPH, general Humiliation, NTR/cuckolding, cum eating, mind-break, light incest

Commissioned by anonymous.

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0 - The Beginning of the End

Prologue

It isn't rare for a family to make a fortune. Anyone could, given enough resources and a little luck. What is impressive are the families that could keep that fortune in their possession, that could grow it and use it to their advantage without succumbing to its vices. When Nathan Drake's great great grandfather had first joined the ranks of the banking elite, he had known of these dangers. His son would not squander his wealth like he had seen so many do before him. His family would grow and prosper or he would end his family line by his own hands. It was this principle that carried the Drake family into the 21st century, richer than they ever had been.

Nathan had grown up never wanting for anything. As a multimillionaire himself and a billionaire family at his back he had all the confidence a man could ever need. The world was his oyster and he'd be damned if he wouldn't slurp it all down like he had done so many times before. 3 Michelin star restaurants weren't anything special to him. His family had only ever enjoyed the finest things in life after all. It was for that reason that he declined the offers of the best public universities in his country.
Instead he had opted for a reclusive, private university that would only host the richest of the rich, the most illustrious families in families in the world. It allowed them to freely mingle with what really amounts to the modern aristocracy, without ever having to worry about a poor commoner filling their ranks. Or so they had thought.

Nathan's girlfriend was as beautiful as she was smart. From what she had told him, her family wasn't as rich as some of the others, but she had managed to enter on a specialized grant that were only reserved for the rarest of cases. He had never looked into it, instead opting to simply take her word for it. Why should he care if she wasn't as filthy rich as he was. After a certain level of wealth you'd simply stop caring about how many millions a family possessed.

Regardless of how she managed to enter the school, Nathan was glad to have Emily. Simply from her looks it was easy to see that she must have some royal blood in her. The long, silken blonde hair that she always kept braided, fell down over her shoulder like that of a princess, a title that also befitted her face. It was one of royalty, beauty and purity. A purity that was also reflected in those Icey blue eyes of hers. Eyes that could stare into a mans soul. They were eyes that harboured a certain, cold flame behind them. A rage that never let surface. A rage that Nathan had never noticed. No, he was distracted too often by those wonderful, perky breasts of hers, which could hardly be contained by her bras. Breasts that everyone knew would still look amazing even as she grew older. Her pretty nipples looked like an oasis of pink in that pale sea that was her breast.
She truly was blessed in many ways. Her waist was tiny, a soft, small belly that she kept in check by rigorous amounts of exercise and childbearing hips that were simply begging to carry a child. All the fat that was missing from her abdomen must have gone to her butt instead, as it was as large and voluptuous as her deliciously thick and soft thighs. She truly was perfection in many ways. A body

shaped by the God's and a keen mind sharpened from years of training. She was more intelligent than most of the people that were supposed to be teaching. However she was not as flawless as she appeared to be. Vengeful and vindictive is what some would say, yet only the ones that crossed her, the ones that drawn her rightful anger upon themselves. It was hard for her to forgive a perceived slight and her temper was a sight to behold. Thankfully Nathan knew just how to calm her down, how to rationalize and explain why she might be overreacting just a teeny tiny bit.

Whenever Emily wasn't hanging out with Nathan, she spent her time with a small group of her oldest and best friends.

Lucy was a redhead that more than rivalled Emily in regards to her breast size. She had a bit of a belly and an ass that just wouldn't quit, but her breasts truly were the object of desire for many students at their university. Supposedly she was a fantastic cook, but Nathan never got the chance to find out. It was a bit of a weird hobby, considering that everyone at such an illustrious university would have people whose entire livelihoods consisted of cooking only the finest dishes the world had to offer.

Leah was a bit different from the rest. She was taller and lankier, lacking the breasts her compatriots were always flaunting around. The fat seems to have gone to her ass instead, a fact that she was silently grateful for. Her raven black hair complimented her demeanour quite well. She was constantly in a bad, mean and dark mood with a humor to match the rest of her character. Dark jokes and black humor were definitely her forte.

Ann must have stood out the most among this ragtag group of friends. She was much shorter than Emily and much, much shorter than Leah, with a youthful face that made many people wonder what someone as young as her was even doing at a university. The fact that her breasts and ass were as humongous as they were only served to confuse people more. As for her character, well she was a bit mischievous, a bit of a prankster and she had somewhat of a sweet tooth. Sometimes her pranks did go a bit far however and it wasn't unknown for her to laugh at the misery of others.

They weren't bad people, but still Nathan sometimes wondered why Emily got along with them as well as she did. To make sure that he got along with them as well as she did, she had insisted on spending their summer break at Ann's summer getaway at a lake in the middle of nowhere. A vacation surrounded by woods, farms and a lake without a restaurant or bar in sight had seemed quite unappealing to Nathan, but he never could deny his beloved Emily.

"I promise you darling, you'll love it. Sure it's a bit more… rural than you might be comfortable with, you'll come from this trip a changed man. I promise." She said with a grin that undoubtably hinted at a deeper meaning behind those words. A changed man huh?

"Sure babe, can't wait to experience enlightenment." He replied in jest.

Nathan had bought a truck just for this occasion. It was long road trip, but the girls seemed to prefer it to first class tickets in a commercial airliner, let alone a private jet for whatever reason. When they arrived, the midsummer sun was beating down upon them hard and they were glad for the shade the trees provided. Ann's summerhouse was modest to say the least. A somewhat minimalistic house with a winged gable roof and a wooden terrace that extended a bit out onto the lake.

“If this is her summer getaway, then Ann’s family must’ve been even poorer than expected.” Nathan silently mused to himself.

“Here, let me help you with those bags.” Nathan offered to Leah, who in turn just glared at him until the thick redhead intervened.

“Haha no need Nathan. Really we appreciate it, but this is… sensitive girls stuff you know. This and that. Why don’t you just go on in, I think Emily already went ahead of you. She should be waiting inside.” Lucy said with her usual cheerful demeanour.

“They seemed to do alright without a valet assisting them” Nathan thought. “Might as well head on inside and check on Emily.”

The sun was reflecting beautifully upon the calm waters of the lake. It was a sight Nathan was almost reluctant to leave behind. He had a bad feeling ever since the trip had started. He had chalked it up to bad sleep, but it had persisted, a creeping, nagging feeling at the back of his mind that almost screamed for him to turn around, to head back and simply blow off the entire trip. He could never do that to Emily though.

“Instincts be damned.” He thought to himself. “It’s not like I’m some animal, acting only on base instincts. A smart man knows when to follow his head.”

With that he pushed open the door to the cabin. It was comfortably cool inside, a welcome change from the summer heat. Despite being clearly cheap, the furniture looked nice enough to take an afternoon nap on.

“Hey darling, did Lucy send you?” “Yeah, she told me you were waiting for me.” “Yes, yes, I need your help with something, can you just take a look at that shelf up there? I think I saw a spider on it!”

Of course a gentleman would never let his princess live in fear of any arachnoid creature. He turned around to face the bookshelf.

“It’s all clear babygir-“ is the last thing he could utter before the cattle prod connected with his soft neck. It knocked him out cold before he could even register what was happening.

“All clear is right, *Darling*. Hey girls! I got him! Someone help me tie him down!”

1 - The rules of the Game

“-no, I’ll talk to him. Maybe that way he won’t freak out.”
The words were unclear, as if he had wads of cotton in his ears. Yet they were unmistakably those of Emily. “Gotta… open my eyes… damn… that’s heavy…” Nathan thought to himself. The cold ground helped him realise just where up and down was. “That’s a start…” As if he awakened from a century of sleep, he put all his energy into opening those heavy eyelids of his. What he saw would have come as a shock if he had been oriented enough to process it. He hardly realized the heavy iron bars that were in front of him, barring any way in and out of the cage he was now imprisoned in. The next thing he saw was Emily and his memories came rushing back. The last thing he remembered was helping her with the shelf… and then the pain. Wearily he picked himself up, pushing his upper body upwards until he could at least sit steadily. Infront of his cage, Emily was looking down upon him, a condescending grin on her lips.
“Sleep well, *Darling*?” she said, smiling from ear to ear. “Don’t try anything too hasty. A stun gun can only knock you out for so long, even a pathetic scrawny loser like you, so we had to give you some horse tranquilizers while we prepared everything for you.

“What was going on!?” Nathan thought to himself. He tried to speak, but realised that he couldn’t.

“Not with that ball gag in your mouth, *Darling*. Believe me, there’s no point in struggling. Not like you could get those restraints of even if you did.” This was her moment of triumph, clearly. The way she talked down to Nathan was more than just a mere spat between lovers. It was a burning hatred that she had cultivated over years with him.

When Nathan put his hands to his mouth in a bid to remove the black ball in his mouth, he realised that it would be impossible for him to do so. They had put leather bags over his hands, secured by straps that could only be opened with two hands. He was trapped, unable to use his hands, to shout, to escape. Panic gripped his drugged and confused mind.

“Stop your whining you pathetic waste.” She said as she grabbed his face, her fingers digging deep into his cheeks, careful not to touch the drool covered ball in his mouth.
“You still don’t get it, huh? Well let me explain it to you then. First of all, I’m not rich. None of us are. Well Ann’s family owns a few dairy farms, which I guess is redneck rich, but none of us came from wealthy families like yours. There is no amazing stipend or grant or whatever that could let someone like us enter a school like that, even for a person that’s smarter than most of the braindead losers teaching at that school.” She mused.

“No, smuggled ourselves in with a plan. Leah is pretty good with computers. She managed to fake our documents and enrolled us after she got access to the computer network. For a multibillion dollar school, they apparently have some pretty bad security, huh? Well our plan was for us to get ourselves some rich boyfriends, live the high life. Then we would marry them, file for a divorce and take half of that sweet, hard earned cash their families have worked for and use it to finance a life of luxury for ourselves.” She had waited for some sort of muffled interjection, but Nathan would give her no such pleasure.

A bit disappointed in the lack of protest she moved on. “Well, the problem with our plan became clear fairly quickly. Deceiving the school was easy, they never see our homes or our family after all. But a boyfriend? What kind of family doesn’t want to meet the brides parents at least once? They’d want to see what kind of nouveau riche girl would want to marry into their esteemed families” she said mockingly.

“So we had to come up with a new plan. A bit more crude, surely, but if executed well, it should give us everything we could ever need.” She inched closer and close to his face until only millimetres separated them.

“For the next weeks you will be our little bitch. We will fuck you up so hard until the only God in your life will be the one standing in front of you right now. I will make you wish that you had never been born with that little thing dangling between your pale little legs and when I’m done with you, I will do the same to your mother, your father and your sister until they are nothing but drooling, cock addicted cumsluts that follow my whims.” She had put her shoe through the bars, stepping on his tiny, defenceless cock, grinding it down into the cold metal floor. Slowly she rubbed it back and forth, her weight still shifted on top of it until it was flattened against the ground.

“Until you learn how to cum just from thinking about my shoe even touching that disgusting little worm, you’ll stay down here. Good thing summer vacation is so long, don’t you think?” She stepped away with a gentle smile, her hand still cupping his face. With glee in her eyes she spit the face of her loser ex-boyfriend, a small taste of what was about to come.
With that she left Nathan to his cage and his thoughts. “Ridiculous! No member of the Drake family has ever been treated like this. When I get out of here, I’ll make these whores pay for this.” Nathan thought to himself, the gag in his mouth forcing him to keep his rage bottled in his mind.

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It was several hours later when Nathan heard steps approaching his cage. The squeaking of the stairs indicated that he must be in the basement of the house. To his surprise it wasn’t Emily that approached his bound and naked body, it was her friend Lucy, the thick redhead.
“Looks like you’re in a bit of a predicament, aren’t you?” She laughed at his muffled attempts at a reply. “Don’t bother. For now we’ll have to keep that thing on. Until you have learned to behave that is. Now I’m sure you’re thirsty. Promise me that you wont scream and shout and make a big mess if I take that off. Otherwise you’ll get a taste of Ann’s cattle prod again. Give me a nod if you understand me.”

Nathan couldn’t do much but agree to her terms. He was too thirsty. Reluctantly he nodded his head up and down.

“Good boy. Now stick your face through the bar. I’ll take it off and you’ll get something against the thirst. And a little something against the hunger later.” Her smile was genuine, heart warming. A smile that one could trust. So Nathan did as he was told. When Lucy removed the ball gag in his mouth he complied with her demands. Not a sound left his lips, he wouldn’t give them the satisfaction.

The water felt nice and cold on his lips. He drank until he was full and then drank some more. You never know when you’d get another opportunity to get hydrated in these situations.
“See, that wasn’t so hard, was it? Emily told me you were a pathetic, dumb, loser. But it doesn’t seem

like you're *that* dumb. A pathetic failure with a tiny dick maybe, but not dumb." Her bright and heart warming smile clashed with the words she spit in his face.

"Good boy. Now Emily told you a little bit about what's going to happen to you from now on. From today onward I'll be in charge of keeping you nice and healthy. All ready to go for the others. You'll get two enema's every day to ensure that you're perfectly clean for your training. I promise you I'll be gentle, but if you try to resist, I'll just cattle prod you and then do it anyways. Understood?"

Nathan's eyes went wide. Wild. No way he was going to let these women do something to his ass. Who did they think they are!?

"When I get out of here I'll make sure you whore's go to jai-" the zap of the cattle prod interrupted him mid-sentence. With a gleeful hum, she went ahead with her task. She was violating him in ways he had never thought possible. The warm water filled him up, bloating his belly as she sang a little country tune. When she was done, she hosed him down with cold water, making sure he was squeaky clean from top to bottom.

Thankfully it was quite warm down in the basement, comfortable enough for a nude man imprisoned in a metal cage at least.
"Told you it'd be easier if you just complied. From now on I expect you to just do what I tell you to, or the next zap won't be hitting your chest." She said as she traced his abdomen with the prod, tracing it down towards hid testicles.

"Oh also we prepared dinner for you."
She put a dog bowl filled with the leftovers of their dinner in front of his cage, just out of reach. It didn't look appetizing, but it's better than the feeling of an empty stomach.

"Wait, I forgot the most important ingredient." She said as she unveiled a small water bottle from her bag. It was filled to the brim with a thick, milky white fluid. On closer inspection one could have seen the occasional pube floating around in it.

Quickly she unscrewed the cap and dumped the contents of the bottle all over the doggy bowl. The thick fluid slowly drooped out of the bottle, thick ropes of gooey cum dripping down, coating Nathan's food in its vile, salty taste. With all of his food covered in foul smelling cum, she kicked the bowl towards him.

"Eat."

Nathan was shocked and about to object to a notion he deemed too ridiculous to even respond to, but he knew better when he saw Lucy fingering the cattle prod again.

"Eat your dinner you cum eating loser."

With his hands bound, the only way to enjoy his dinner was akin to a dog, smashing his face in the semen stained bowl of leftovers. The pungent smell of salty semen filled his nose until there was nothing left in his head other than this giant load of cum. Reluctantly he ate and swallowed, globs of thick cum clogging up his throat, making it hard for him to breathe. The salty taste of jizz assaulted him with each bite, each swallow. "Now lap the rest of this nasty cum up until the bowl is clean, you semen loving

faggot.”

Once again Nathan had no choice but to comply. His tongue had to lap up every single drop of semen that was left in the bowl until it was squeaky clean. It was hard to get the taste of cum out of his mouth, his churning stomach a constant reminder of the humiliation he had just experienced.

“See, you’re a good cum eating faggot after all. Wasn’t so hard now was it? Oh, the others will come by tomorrow, so you should probably get a good night’s sleep.” Once again she hosed him down, cold water assaulting his body.

Finally Lucy left, taking the bowl and cattle prod with her, but not before putting the gag back on. The darkness swallowed Nathan, the only sensation that was left for him was the taste of semen in the back of his throat.

2 - Advanced Conditioning

Morning had arrived and with it, Lucy. She tended to her business in a kind and almost caring manner, applying the first of the bi-daily enemas that Emily had devised in order to keep Nathan clean and ready for whatever sick things they had planned for him. With the enemy she also brought him fresh water and his breakfast. Where yesterday's dinner consisted mostly of food scraps covered in semen, that days breakfast consisted mostly of thick, goopy semen, mixed together with some thick, fatty yoghurt.

The yoghurt served only to provide nourishment, but it did nothing to conceal the salty taste of day old cum, probably extracted from random homeless people, street thugs from the ghetto and who knows what else. Occasionally the cum was so thick, so chunky that Nathan had to chew the globs of cum just to swallow them down, and even then, more often than not, they got stuck in his throat, the thick smell of pungent seed choking him, cutting of his air supply until he forced himself to swallow the fat load down into his aching stomach. He needed the nourishment. He had simply no choice but to lap up the entire bowl, licking every single stray stand and drop of jizz up with his tongue. Semen stained his tongue, stained his mouth until it's salty, manly taste was all that was left for him to feel.

"That's right boy, lap it all up. Lap up all that stinky semen like a good little cumslut." Lucy said encouragingly before taking the doggy bowl with her.
It didn't take long for Nathan to hear the familiar squeaking of the stairs again. It wasn't Lucy this time however, no it was too early for her to visit him again. The steps sounded different as well, less… heavy.

"Hey wake up fuckboy." Leah growled. She was in a foul mood, as always. Unlike Lucy, she wasn't carrying food with her, no instead she had a little cardboard box under her arm. She simply ignored Nathan as she opened the box, unveiling the content within. The box contained brand new, lightweight VR glasses. They were state of the art, so easy and comfortable to wear that one would often forget they were wearing them at all.

"Emily bough you a gift. Well, technically you bought it yourself. You really should've thought twice about sharing your pin number with her. She's so busy draining your wallet she probably forgot you're even here." She snickered. "Keep your chin up, fuckboy. Some of this stuff is actually for you. Sure she uses most of your hard earned cash to buy herself clothes, jewellery and sex toys, but at least she bought you this VR headset to keep you occupied as she impales herself on those thick, throbbing silicone cocks she ordered. I can see that you're a shrimp dick, but I would've at least thought you'd be good with your tongue or something. Emily said she hasn't felt anything when you were fucking here. No wonder she always wanted us to be her wingmen when she was out chasing big, strong studs to mess up her fuckholes." With pitiful smile she walked over to Nathan, whose muffled protest was of no consequence to her. She merely grabbed his neck and placed the VR goggles over his eyes. Darkness enveloped him.

"Alright fuckboy. Those goggles stay on the entire time. If I catch you trying to weasel your way out, I'll make sure that you come out of this whole thing without those precious jewels of yours. Fucking faggot." A glob of spit hit Nathan's cheek, just below his brand new VR headset.

He could hear her tinker and tap away at a tablet somewhere in the room, but he couldn’t make out anything distinct. Until his eyes and ears were assaulted by bright, pink colours and the calming whisper of a woman.

Flashing images appeared on his screen, giant letters flashed before his eyes

OBEY

SERVE

SUBMIT

LOVE

ADORE

BIG

FAT

JUICY

COCKS

He was assaulted by never ending images of women being degraded, sluts being put in their place, pushed face down, ass up, fucked relentlessly by big, strong, musclebound alpha males, their thick, juicy cocks destroying the holes of these frail little girls until they were reduced to a drooling, mess, too high on cock to comprehend the slimey dick he had taken out of her fat bubble butt and shoved right into her

throat.

WORSHIP

LOVE

ADORE

BIG

FAT

JUICY

COCKS

The images changed as the tantric music reached it’s peak. Images of frail beta sissies dressed in pink skirts and knee socks, useless cocks hanging down limply between their legs or locked up in cute little chastity cages as they were plowed by stronger, bigger alpha studs. Their faces were pressed into the mattress as these monster cocks destroyed their abused fuckholes, turning them into nothing more than public cumdumpsters.

All these images invaded his mind, unable to look away, unable to escape the soft voice telling him that it’s alright to give in. That he was born to be a sissy faggot, cum receptacle whose limp dick would never be able to get erect again. His prostate would take over and his anus turned into nothing more than a pussy for superior men to destroy with their big, strong dicks. Only hot cum would be enough to sate his greedy throat now.

It was too much for him to handle. He fell on the ground of his cell, convulsing from the assault on his senses, his brain trying to resist from the truth that was presented to him. He had to resist, had to keep the thoughts from entering his head until someone would come to save him. He had to resist….

…

When Lucy came to bring him his dinner, Nathan was laying in his cage, unmoving.

“Wake up boy, dinner is ready.” She said, clearly disgusted with this creature they had locked away.

Slowly Nathan pulled himself to the edge of the cage where the doggy bowl was waiting for him. Eagerly he began lapping at the bowl filled with foul smelling, milky semen.

DELICIOUS

SWEET

SEMEN

LOVE

EATING

CUM

The cum that only hours ago tasted salty and fishy, was now flowing down his throat down into his stomach. Like a starving man he lapped up the stinky semen, drinking it down as if it were the most delicious thing he had ever tasted. When he finished, a cum burp escaped his lips, the salty taste

coming back up his throat. It still tasted as sweet as honey to him.

3 - Physical Conditioning

The hypnosis ran through the night. The voice commanding him to accept cock has his god went down to a low whisper, promising him that he would be happier as a cum slurping fuckdoll. The flashing images turned down to a swirl of women rimming bigger men, them licking the dirty seats of public toilets, anything that would get him to accept the truth that he was nothing but a toilet for alpha males.

With the morning came Lucy, carrying another bowl of delicious semen for Nathan to lap up. After she had cleaned him, videos once again became more vivid, voices and images telling him to become the cocksucking girl he was always destined to be.

It would've been hard to tell just how much time had passed and the voices telling him to eat semen, to submit to his cocksucking nature, they suppressed the noise creaking noise of the stairs. Only when the volume was turned down slightly, Nathan realised that something had changed.
"Sleepy time is over hun. Oh and don't pretend these little, voices and pictures already broke you. You can't bullshit a good old fashioned farmgirl honey." The smugness in her voice was palpable. It would be impossible to hide anything from a woman like this.

Nathan slowly sat up. The night had taken a toll on him, that much was undeniable. At first he had tried to resist, but gradually, over the span of the night, he had surrendered himself to the images. Seeing these women submit to these big, strong cocks, accepting that they're nothing more than holes for them to fuck, to be bred, beaten and abused… it had become more and more appealing with every minute. But a Drake wasn't broken so easily. No, a bit of hypnosis wouldn't be able to break him.

"Well, a little hypnosis won't be enough to break you, Emily agreed with me on that. So from today on we'll try something… a bit different."
It was impossible to see, all those cocks and flashy pink colours occluded his view and with sounds coming from all around the room, discerning where Ann was, turned out to be quite difficult. Only when a stinging pain arose from his right thigh, he realised that she must have been quite close, close enough to reach into his cage and to stick him with god knows what.

"Even if we broke you in like we do with the horses, it'd really do us no good. Eventually you'd get so horny with that tiny little dicklet that you'd either hump the closest thing around you, or you'd try and run off, find some whore that could keep herself from laughing long enough to jerk that tiny thing to one of those watery, impotent loser spurts that sissies like you must experience in lieu of an actual orgasm." She said, laughing at her own joke, since there was no one else there to laugh with her.

"Well I told Emily that we should just do you like we do the geldings. Get you snipped so we wouldn't have to worry about that tiny, premature weeny between your legs again. Sadly, Emily was opposed to the idea, it would've been so incredibly easy too, so now we'll have to try a different approach. From today onwards, I'll be making sure that we don't just break your spirit, but also your useless limp dick. I'll turn you into a permanently limp, penis broken, anal addicted sissy faggot." Nathan couldn't see her lips curling up into a bright grin, but from the smugness in her voice it wasn't hard to tell that she was elated by the chance of turning him into an impotent cock addicted cumhole.

“That little prick you felt just now, was a combination of a muscle relaxant and a horse tranquilizer called Ketamine, maybe you heard of it. The muscle relaxant should kick in at any moment now. Its designed to ensure that your breathing and heart work on their own, you’ll be able to feel everything just as you always have, but you won’t be able to move at all. And the best part? Your sphincter will relax, which should make it a bit easier for me to slip in with my hand.” She giggled cheerfully.

“Oh and you’ll notice when the ketamine kicks in. It’s a small dosis, but it should be enough to get you fucked up. If the hypnosis didn’t work on you before, it’ll work now.” She said laughingly. Nathan had already spiralled down at this point, unable to really hear or see, just swirling images of cocks and commands

EAT

CUM

LOVE

CUM

WORSHIP

CUM

EAT

CUM

“Oh my, you’re already completely out of it, aren’t you? Well let’s get to work.” Her denim overalls were really fitting her general cowgirl image. When she draped a large, latex glove over her small fingers, her hand and all the way down her arm to the elbow, she fit the image of a cattle breeder more.

Slowly she began covering her entire arm with a thick, jelly like lubricant she had brought with her, making sure that every inch of her arm was slathered completely in the slick buttery thick lube. With Nathan unable to move, betrayed by his own body, his mind in a whirl, assaulted by cocks, cum and his own inferiority, Ann only had to unlock his cage and step inside.

“Now usually I’d tell you to relax hun, but considering you already are…” she giggled as she turned Nathan over on his side, spreading his butt with her free hand, her lubed up fingers, slowly circling around his boihole. She was gentle at first, inserting two of her slick fingers into him, spreading his anus apart until she was certain the drug had done it’s work properly.

With his sphincter fully relaxed she would have no problem stretching him with her small hands. Slowly she inserted another finger, then another until 4 of her fingers were spreading his ass apart. “Here’s your little pleasure button… I wonder what would happen if I were to rub your prostate a little? Would your limp cockle start dribbling all of that nasty, useless cum? I guess there’s only one way to find out, huh hun?” Gently she began stroking Nathan’s prostate, rubbing her fingers along the little pleasure bump, flicking over it, pushing it and letting her index slowly, gently rub over it’s length.

It didn’t take long for him to react. A thin strand of precum slowly descended from his cock, little droplets of clear fluid dribbling out of the limp little sissy dicklet, pooling together between his legs as a salty, watery mess. Ann couldn’t help but smile, turning Emily’s boyfriend into an anal obsessed cum eating faggot had been her plan all along. She was happy to see it working out as she had intended.

“I see you’re enjoying yourself, but don’t drool too much or you’ll have to lick it up later. Now just breathe in, because I’m about to stretch you real good, honey.” Nimbly she moved her thumb to his stretched anus, slowly pushing it in, alongside the rest of her hand. It was hard, Nathan’s body resisted as much as it could, but she was stronger, pushing, stretching his sphincter apart until she had inserted her entire hand in his butt, her nimble fingers rubbing along the sensitive walls of his rectum.

“I knew you wanted this from the first time I saw you, a strong woman to use your pathetic boyslut holes like this. But just my hand won’t be enough to satisfy you, right slut?” she whispered in his ear, her hot breath tingling in his ear.

Slowly she pushed her hand further inside of him, stretching his ass apart with her arm, working it in and out deliberately, any time she felt any sort of resistance, until finally she had managed to insert her lubed up arm all the way inside of him, up to her elbow.

“Well honey, at least now I know you’re not pregnant haha.”
She remained inside of him for a long time, twisting her arm this and that way, rubbing along his insides with her fingers, her wrist pushing against his prostate, pulling out until only her fingertips remained, only to push her entire length back inside of him. There was nothing for him to do, but drool his watery precum between his legs, twitching and convulsing at the attack on his pleasure spot, without being able to fight back.

With a *plop* she removed herself from inside of him, her entire arm hot and glistening with the lube she had covered it with so generously. She smiled contently, looking at his gaping, destroyed asshole and his tiny little worm dripping, a pool of clear precum pooling between his legs. The effects of the relaxant were gradually wearing off now, but still he was unable to move, the pleasure of his butt being ravaged

by her full length, the drug induced state of euphoria and the images of juicy cocks dangling in front of his face were too much for him.
“Well ain’t you out of it, huh hun? One things for sure though, I won’t be cleaning up your mess. So get to licking faggot.” She said as she grabbed him by his hair, pushing his face into the messy puddle of precum he had produced earlier.

Like the eager cum hungry cockslut they had turned him into he frantically began to lick up every single drop of his own clear cockfluid, sucking it in enthusiastically. “..ock cock… uhh… eat… cum”

“Oh my. Well, I don’t know if you’re of any use for us anymore at this point… oh well, guess we’ll see about that.”
She once again plugged up his gaping fuckhole, this time not using her fist, but a large, jet black buttplug that would ensure the stretching she had given him wouldn’t go to waste. Before she left, she grabbed him by the chin one last time.

[font="Calibri",][size=100]“You have been mighty obedient. And good boys do deserve a reward, don’t you think hun?” her lips approached his, closer and closer until he could feel her hot breath on his face. “Ha! As if.” She said as she a wet glob of her spit hit him square in the face. “Not in a million years you dumb slut.”[/size][/font]

4 - The End of the Beginning

They kept him locked in his cage for 2 weeks. Every day Lucy fed and cleaned him, the diet of semen and cum drenched leftovers broke him down physically, the constant conditioning, hypnosis, whispers and suggestion broke him down mentally.

Every day Ann gave him another injection, keeping him permanently drugged and horny, his limp, broken cock dribbling its pathetic watery pre without stopping. His gaping fuckhole was either plugged by a various fat, egg shaped buttplug, or violated by Ann's hands and various toys of all shapes.

Emily hadn't visited him at all in that time. She had left him in that basement, in his cage. The one person he had loved and cherished the most, had betrayed him, humiliated him, used his wealth, his money, his credit card to drain his accounts for her own selfish amusement.

In his struggle for sanity she had always been on his mind. His goddess in these trying times. Surely there must have been a mistake. She cared about him, she must care about him, why else would she go through the trouble of doing this…

"You look pathetic."
That voice… it must've been another hallucination. It must be.
Or so Nathan thought until, for the first time in two weeks, the blinding goggles were lifted from his eyes and the voices whispering in his ears subsided.

"I knew you would break, but to turn so quickly into such a cockhungry cumslut? You disgust me." She said, her boot approaching him, ready to grind his useless clitdick into the dust, to destroy it completely, seeing as how he'd never be able to use it again.

Hers was the first real face he had seen and it was the sweetest thing in existence. She truly had become his goddess. Seeing her ephemeral form, her love radiating from her with a warmth he had never experienced before, was too much for him. He kneeled before her, limp dick dangling between his pale legs, spazzing and convulsing as her divine boot approached his worthless cock. Orgasmic waves crashed over him, his entire body convulsed and contracted as the mind breaking orgasm shook him to his core, ropes of weak, watery cum gushing out of his broken dicklet, his tiny balls tightening, sending every single one of his weak, useless sperm to die in front of this superior being. One last time he spazzed, sending another strand of watery, impotent jizz out of his urethra to dribble slowly down his worthless clit. He collapsed in front of her, prostrating himself in front of this divine being.
Her lips curled up into a sadistic smile. She had broken him, without lifting even a finger. The mere thought of her touching him was enough to make him shoot out his useless load. She had already won, but…

"I don't need you anymore, loser. I've drained your accounts and I have more money than I know what to do with. I considered all my options, but letting you go was never one of them. But don't worry, I'll make sure you'll be spending your last few moments doing what you love most. Drowning in the disgusting, nasty cum I milked out of a strangers cock." She laughed, a laugh of triumph over this

broken creature.

Nathan hardly registered what she said. Only when she grabbed him by his hair, pulling his head over to a plastic bucket, filled to the very brim with a milky thick, almost jelly like fluid he was able to understand what she was about to do to him. The thought of her going through all of this, her divine being touching a lowly creature such as him, sent new waves of orgasmic delight through his body. Again he came over the floor, his clear, impotent semen staining his thighs and the ground in front of the semen filled bucket.

“I would say that it was nice to have known you, but that would be a lie.” She said as she dunked his head into the bucket.

The world quickly shifted. Where before she was everything on his mind, now his head was clogged with the salty taste and smell, the thick jelly feel of gallons of semen surrounding him. His nose and mouth filled up with the stinky liquid, his ears filling until he could hardly hear anymore. The air was gone and there was nothing he could do. Nothing but let it this beloved semen fill him up inside and out until the world went dark.

…

…

…

Panic gripped him. He couldn’t push himself back, not with his hands bagged and strapped down the way they were. He had to breathe, he needed air. In his desperation he resorted to the only thing he could do. He took as much of the disgusting, nasty smelling semen in his mouth and swallowed it whole, the thick chunks of cum gliding down his throat, each swallow of salty semen threatening to clog up his throat for good. His vision got more blurry by the second, yet he couldn’t stop swallowing. He had to keep going, he had to swallow as much of this nasty cum as he could. His stomach was filled with the jizz of hundreds of men, yet he had to keep swallowing, had to keep forcing more and more smelly semen down his tight throat until finally… the world went dark.

The bubbles had stopped coming to the surface and there was no more movement coming from his frail body. Quickly Emily pulled his head back and turned him on his side. She punched his chest until a thick chunk of semen was lodged from his throat, rivers of cum flowing out of his mouth on to the ground. He was breathing again and quickly regained the consciousness she had taken from him moments before.

“I knew you’d do what was required of you. You always have. And you know I would never let harm come to one of my slaves. Especially not to my most important one. I lied earlier. We still need you to take over your families wealth. Can you do that for me? Can you betray your family, deliver them to my hands on a silver platter?” she asked with a kind, benevolent, divine expression.

“Anything…”he said.

“Good slave. Drink up and then join us upstairs. We need you to attend to our wants and needs.” She proclaimed as she lifted the bucket that she had just seconds ago used to drown him, to his lips. Thick strands of semen flowed gently into his mouth. She was nursing him as a mother would do to a child.

He drank, until nothing remained, not a single drop of semen was left in the bucket, she made sure of that. With her hands cupped she had gathered up the last chunky bits of cum for him to ingest. Slowly she had lifted her hands to his mouth, letting the slick, glossy strands of cum run down her elegant fingers, down into his mouth.

[font="Calibri",]“Let’s go, the others are waiting.” She said as she undid his restrains.[/font]

5 - Meeting the Mother

“It’s so nice to finally meet Nathan’s friends. I’ve told him so many times that he should bring some people from his university over so I could meet them. And of course I’m glad to see you, Emily, as always.” Nathan’s mother said as she placed several cups on the table. Enough to provide Nathan, Emily and her new friends with coffee and tea.
“Thank you Miss Drake, I was really looking forward to tasting some more of your homemade cookies. My friends couldn’t wait to help you but a bun-… batch into the oven.” Emily said as she flashed her most loving smile at Nathan’s mother. She was always delighted to have Emily over. She was the perfect fit for Nathan, that’s what she always said. Smart, driven, successful, definitely a keeper.

“Oh no, I couldn’t possibly let you do that. The help doesn’t come in on Saturdays, but I’m fine, if I had a few muscle bound, handsome young men like these in the kitchen, I just wouldn’t know what to do with myself.” She said, giving the group of thugs Emily had dressed up in the expensive suits she had bought with Nathan’s credit card, a wink. They simply smiled, knowing what was about to unfold in Nathan’s bedroom.

Miss Drake was in her early 40s, she had gotten Nathan when she was still quite young, but she didn’t look a day over 25. Her long, blonde silken hair still fell down over her shoulders just the way it used to and she still filled out the expensive designer summer dress the way she used to. She had always been the object of many mans sexual desires. Full bodied, breasts larger than even Emily’s, thighs she had toned to perfection in her private gym, an ass that she couldn’t hide no matter what she wore. Nathan’s father was a lucky man. Always has been. His fortune allowed this old racist bastard to marry this angle. As a lawyer, Nathan’s father had made it his life’s work to put as many “niggers, Arabs and whops” in jail as he possibly could. He tolerated the foreign servants, even had respect for the oldest of them, but he never liked and never would like non-whites. They were lazy, selfish, stupid, bad with money. Unlike him, who helped grow the Drake fortune even more than his father. Nathan’s father was the sole inheritor of the families estate, an honour that he had bestowed upon Nathan when he turned 18, forsaking his younger daughter and leaving her out of the will. It was her duty to find a wealthy man to tie the two families together.

Since then she always had a bit of a rebellious streak. She was in her early twenties, but her body count was probably in the low hundreds as far as Nathan was concerned. She was a natural blonde beauty that took after her mother in terms of looks and her father in terms of personality. Being around her was dangerous. As she grew up, it was her biggest goal to finally stick it to her old pa. She had been together with men of all races, bringing them home for loud fuck sessions that kept Nathan up many a night.

“You knew what to do, don’t you slave?” Emily whispered in Nathan’s ear. He merely gulped and nodded in response.
The three strong burly men sitting across from them were starting to grow impatient. Emily had picked them up through one of her connections, whatever that meant. They were as mean as they were big and they were very big. All of them were stone cold, two have already been to jail, one for rape, one for murder. The third, clearly their leader, had a different air around him. He was calm, collected, charming, but his eyes were as cold as ice. Today, they would help Emily and her friends take over the Drake

family fortune.
They could hear Nathan's mom approaching from the tapping of her shoes on the ancient wood floor that had been erected in the Nathan family homestead when Nathan's great-great-great-grandfather had gained his enormous fortune.

Tap tap tap

Each step closer caused more beads of sweat to break out on Nathan's forehead. It wasn't too late. He could stop this at any time. Call the cops and have them arrested.
"Okay here we are. I made your favourite Emily. I hope you like them!" she said in a cheerful tone.

"Thank you so much, Miss Drake!" she said "But I have to talk to Nathan in private for a second. Would you mind keeping my friends company for a short while?" Emily gestured towards the thugs sitting around Nathan's round table. "Of course dear, I wouldn't want your friends to get bored all on their own."

She closed the door to Nathan's room behind them. "You have the key. Do it. Lock your mother in a cage with those starving beasts. Lock her in there so they can tear her apart, so they can fuck her, destroy the hole she pushed you out of. Lock her in there so they can rape each one of her slutty fuckholes. Lock her up like a good little cuckson." She whispered in his ear.
It wasn't too late. He could stop all of this from happening, right here, right now.

With a *click* he turned the key. The door locked in front of him.

"Good slave. You made the right decision. I'm sure your mother will thank you after they turned her into a sloppy, cum filled breeding sow. You know one of them went to prison for murder, right? He tends to get a bit out of control when he gets hard. I hope your mothers asshole can take some punishment." She laughed.
They noise that came through the door was muffled and it took a lot of straining just to hear anything, but his mother's voice was unmistakable to Nathan.

"Uhm Nathan…? Emily…!? Uhm please can you just open the door baby…? Hello? Wha- what are you doing? Don't- don't touch me, g-get back! S-stop! No! No! Get away from me! NATHAN! EMILY! HELP!"

She screamed as she banged against the door from the inside, unable to escape the hands of the three convicts that were now busy feeling up her gorgeous body.
"PLEASE HELP! HELP! SOMEONE PLEASE OPEN THIS DOOR!"

He had the key in his hands. It would be an easy thing to open this door right now, to let his loving mother escape the clutches of these sex starved beasts, to save her from a destiny of becoming their cumfilled creampie breeding mare. Nathan looked upon the key in his hand… and clutched it tight.

"NO STOP STOP! PLEASE I'M BEGGING YOU! PLEASE I HAVE MONEY! I HAVE-…"

Her desperate tear filled pleading turned into screams, muffled by what must be the big, strong hands of one of the assailants. Soon enough her screams turned into crying. Their touch had turned Nathan's strong, beautiful mother into a sobbing mess. Wet slapping noises could be heard even through the thick door that separated them. Each thrust, each time they drove their thick cocks inside of her tight pussy, they could hear another cry, another sob through the door until eventually the sobbing turned into the low, guttural moan of an animal in heat, begging to be bred, begging to be seeded by a strong alpha male.

Each time they drove their pelvis connected with her fat ass, another slap and another moan could be heard, until the low, animalistic moans had turned into loud incoherent gagging.
Emily forced Nathans ear close to the door, so he could hear everything, every violation of his mother, every time they slapped her face, drove their alpha cocks into her quivering, violated holes, every time one of them forced his cock deep into her throat, cutting of her air until she nearly fainted. Tears were rolling down Nathan's face as a pool of sticky precum stained his underwear, his limp dick leaky like a faucet.

The sight of Nathan on his knees, tears glistening on his face, a stain of precum marking his pants, delighted Emily. She was laughing now. Laughing at how much of a pathetic cuckold Nathan had become. How much of a loser she had turned him into. It simply was too funny to her.
Eventually the moaning, the gagging, the screaming, even the slapping stopped.

Under the door, a pool of semen had gathered. It wasn't Nathan's, no he hadn't been able to achieve an erection since they locked him up. It was too thick, too strong, too milky to be his. The pool became bigger and bigger, seeping into the wooden floor and into his bare socks. The smell of semen filled his nose as the entire door slit was leaking jizz.

"Go ahead. Open her up." Emily beckoned her sadistic smile showing just how much she was enjoying his humiliation.

His hands were shivering and shaking, they were trembling so hard he could hardly put the key into the hole. His strength almost left him as he turned the key. The things they had done to her. The things he had allowed to happen. There was only one way to cope. Another strand of precum drenched his pants as he turned the key and opened the door.
His Mother was in the middle of the room, her clothes torn from her body, only shredded pantyhose and the remains of her black satin panties clung to one of her legs. She laid there, almost bare naked, surrounded by the three thugs that were now completely in the nude, their footlong cocks dangling between their legs still glistening, wet with her juices, her spit and cum.

Her ass was up in the air, fat globs of cum dripping from her gaping, abused holes, a steady flow of semen that appeared never ending. Her destroyed anus was winking at Nathan as she pushed out ever more of the nasty semen they had fucked deep into her. Her pussy had the reddish pink hue, swollen by arousal and the hard fucking she had just received. Each of them must have nutted inside of her multiple times. Their cum was gushing out of her in waves, thick jizz they had deposited deep inside of her womb and then stirred up inside of her tight pussy with their thick cocks.

Her face was still buried on the member of one of the three. He had grabbed her cum stained hair with his large hands and forced her to take his entire length down her throat until she gagged, begging for air,

a request he did not abide by. He held her head down on his cock, with her red hot tongue slobbering over his nutsack in the hopes of satisfying him. Occasionally he punched her in the back of the neck, yelling at her to tighten up, to choker herself on his donkey dick. Her mouth and throat spasmed on his cock, her throat constricting around him, milking all the cum out of his fat member. Her arms spasmed one last time, then they went limp. His nuts were constricting as a hard orgasm overcame him, thick cum pumping through his thicker cock into her. With one hand he pinched her nose shut.

“Swallow it you fucking whore. Swallow all that fucking nut, you dumb fucking whore. Yeah!” he hollered at her as he deposited his spunk deep inside of her, her bulging throat pulsating every time another thick rope was shot into her bulging stomach.

When he slid his fat piece of manmeat out of her mouth it was glistening, covered in cum, cocksweat and spittle, some strands still clinging to her ruined mouthpussy. The man got up, having lost all interest in this ruined piece of meat in front of him

“Alright boys, let’s check out the rest of fucking mansion. Maybe they got some good fucking food in here.” He proclaimed as if he was the new master of the house. His friends hooted and hollered in agreement, pushing past Nathan and Emily, ready to ransack the house for food and drink.

As they bumped into him, Nathan awoke from his trance. Quickly he ran over to his mother, her ruined holes still leaking copious amounts of semen from the countless. creampies she had just received.

“…-op… -top… stop… please…. Stop… no… please…. Stop… ple-he-hease…” she whispered, her voice almost too low to make out.

“Mom! Mom it’s me! I’m here mom, please!” “She can’t you dipshit. And neither can you when you’re *that* far away from her. I know this fuckdoll used to be your mother, but you should at least *try* to listen to her when she’s begging for your help.” Emily said, her ice cold voice filled with disdain.

“Y-yes…” Nathan stuttered, cradling his mothers cum drenched body in his hands. They had marked her with their semen, her nude body a canvas, painted with milkey white semen. A wedding dress befitting a nut addicted sow like her. His hands were covered in the semen they had left behind but he didn’t care. He was moving his face closer to hers until he was only inches away from her. He could smell the cum on her ragged breath, the smell of their salty, potent man-spunk was emanating from her as if she had bathed in it. Closer and closer he got to her face until-

“Oh well, I guess she didn’t have much to say after all.” Emily giggled as she pushed their heads together, their lips touching in a hot, cum stained kiss.
Nathan was in shock, unable to pull back from Emily’s grip. His mother was still cockdrunk, her nimble tongue invaded his mouth, covering it with the salty-sweet taste of the gallons of jizz he had just swallowed. Harder and harder she pressed her lips on his until she had created an airtight seal between them. It was then, that he heard her stomach rumble and churn. It was too late for him to pull back, and even if he had wanted to, Emily held their heads in her clutches, making escape entirely impossible.

With a sudden force his mother’s stomach contracted, forcing gallons of the hot cum she had incubated inside of herself back up and straight into Nathan’s mouth. A torrent of gooey, slimey jizz made its way back up her throat, until it arrived in her mouth so she could spit it into her sons throat. Thick chunks of burning hot semen were forced down his throat until it was almost clogged up. Even through his nose it

was impossible to breathe, the semen was too thick, too strong for him to swallow down. Only the pressure of his the never ending stream of cum from his mother's mouth was able to force it down into his stomach. He had stopped swallowing as there was no point to it. He could only surrender to the power of her bulging stomach.

It felt like an eternity passed before the stream of cum had ended. His mother was spent, her stomach finally free of the jizz that they had forced down her throat. Her bulging belly slowly returned to its original size. Nathan wasn't so lucky however. He still cradled his mother in his arms, his belly swollen and ready to burst from the forced cum injection he had just endured.
"Well isn't that quite. Like mother like son, huh? Both pathetic, disgusting cumsluts." Emily said condescendingly.

Suddenly the door burst open again. The rapist had returned from ransacking the house, clearly bored and horny, looking for a fitting meat sheath for his cock. "Not fucking hungry. The others are busy with this faggots sister, so I might as well enjoy some sloppy seconds, don't you think?" he said, his facial expression: bored. His cock: rock hard.
"I don't really give a shit. Fuck them both up for all I care. I'll be looking for the family seal. You just have fun." Emily said, leaving to ransack the house herself.

6 - Breaking the Mother

The man paid no mind to Nathan, whose collapsed body was entangled with that of his mother, belly distended from the thick loads of cum he was forced to swallow. He simply grabbed her limp body by the arm, dragging her nude figure across the floor like a ragdoll, cum still seeping from her abused holes, leaving behind a trail of sticky semen that stained the century old wood of Nathan's bedroom. He simply picked her up with his strong hands and threw her on Nathan's bed. Cum stained his sheets, his pillows, seeping deep into the fabric, the smell of his mothers sex, mixed with the cum and sweat of her partners, was burying itself deeply into the mattress.

Nathan could do nothing but watch as the man flipped his mother on her belly, her faced pushed down into the mattress, the rest of her on her knees with her cum drooling ass sticking into the air. It would be impossible to stop this physically superior specimen from breeding his mom, nothing could be done to prevent him from impaling the hole that Nathan had birthed him from with his thick, strong cockspear.

He grabbed her hips, his large hands almost wrapping around her waist to ensure there'd be no escape from what was about to happen. He pussy was still swollen, her once tight slit turned into a gaping, blushing hole that was still drooling with the seed that they had pumped into her babymaker earlier.

His cock was as long and thick as Nathan's forearm, big veins running across it. A pair of grapefruit sized testicles were dangling below it, sperm factories that were craving a warm, sloppy, wellfucked hole to shoot their spunk into. This bitchbreaker cock would've been to much for most sizequeens, but Nathan's mother had already been spread and stretched out thoroughly from the rough, merciless fucking she had experienced earlier. Once, twice he slid the head of his cock over her gaping pussy, coating his cock in her juices and the thick, cumlube he had nutted inside of her earlier. In one smooth move, he shoved the entire length of his cunt destroyer inside of her, pushing her apart, stretching the walls of her vagina even more than before, until the head of his cock rammed against her delicate cervix. She had managed to take about half of his massive penis inside of her, but he wasn't satisfied yet. He simply pulled his penis back out, the massive piece of meat covered in her pussyjuice, semen and cocksweat, and rammed it back in, this time with even more force. Every time he moved, Nathan's mother let out a low, almost guttural, animalist moan.

Over and over he hammered his girthy penis back inside of her, knocking against her cervix over and over until he managed to push it in further, her vaginal canal stretching and ascending to make way for an alpha male cock like his to inseminate her. With her womb ascended it would be inevitable for his cum to shoot inside of her fallopian tubes. Pregnancy was almost assured now. There would be no way to turn back, no way for Nathan to prevent this from happening.

She had bottom out for him, her slutty body accepting that her only role would be that of a breeding sow for the children of these strong alpha males and their deliciously fat cocks and creamy cum. No inferior losers like her husband or her cuck son would ever be able to compete with these cocks. It would be their destiny to stay pussy free losers forever, nothing more than hand pumping beta males whose seed belonged only the trashcan, the toilet or their own food and drink.

The thick cock plunging in and out of her pussy had broken her mind. She was cockdrunk on the feeling of being stretched, of being bred. Her moans had turned into elated, incoherent screams of ecstasy that reverberated throughout the house. He grabbed her hair and pushed her head hard into the pillow to muffle her noise, cum guzzling throat.

He was pumping away at her steadily, punching her g-spot with his glans every time he pushed back in. When he pulled back, her lips gripped to his girth tightly, almost to the point of being pulled out alongside this fat slab of cockmeat. It was as if her body was begging him not to pull out, gripping hard to him to ensure that he would deposit a fat load of his thick, stinky semen deep inside of her, flooding her aching, quivering womb with his virile sperm.

As he was closing in on climax, he gripped her shoulders tightly, flipping her over on her back, her tight lips still gripping to his length as he moved her, the feeling of her pussy twisting sending shivers of pleasure down her spine. He grabbed her legs, pushing her thighs against his chest, her calfs up on his shoulders. Slowly he began standing up, balancing her on his cock, her hips lifting up in the air. He shifted her weight on her upper back. When he had found his footing, he once again began to pump his baby maker into her quivering, red pussy. With his hands he gripped her waist, his thumbs pushing deep into her belly, down to her womb. Gently he massaged her womb from the outside, softening it up, preparing it for the load she was about to take. He pulled his entire length out of her until only the head of his cock remained inside of her. It was then that he pushed his entire weight into her, again and again, his alpha cock beating up her quivering cervix until he finally came, white hot ropes of semen pulsating inside of her, thick strands of goopy semen right into the deepst parts of her aching womb. Again and again his cock pulsated, a never ending torrent of virile, potent alpha male cum bloating her soft belly.

When he finally removed his penis from her pussy, her lips gripped to him tightly, her body refusing to let a perfect dick just go without breeding her one more time. Where before there had been a thick stick of manmeat buried in her, there now was a gaping hole that flexed rhythmically almost as if her pussy was winking at him. Her red, engorged walls were flushed and hot, a pretty pink gape that was beautifully accentuated by the white cockmilk he had fucked into her. With her hips in the air and her weight shifted on her shoulders, it would be impossible for a single drop of semen to leave that permagaped fuckhole.

“Learned that one in yoga class. Was the only thing I learned though since the teacher couldn’t walk anymore after I was done with her.” He laughed. With his duty fulfilled, he went for the door, once again in search of some energy replenishing food.

As he left, Emily came back through the door. Her already smug grin, became even more joyfully menacing when she saw the contorted figure of Nathan’s mother, still shivering from the countless orgasms the man had fucked into her just seconds before.

“Looks like they really did a number on poor mommy, huh?” she giggled as she made her way over to the cum slathered mattress that used to be Nathan’s bed. Seeing Nathan’s mom contorted into a perversion of a yoga pose, cum covering her like a snow white blanket of milky goo was enough to get a rise out of her.

She laughed aloud before kicking her over on the side, sticky semen, beginning to flow out of her abused cunt, further staining the already ruined, cum stained mattress. Witnessing a mature, beautiful, strong woman like Nathan’s mommy turned, degraded and humiliated into a porta-pussy gushing with

strangers jizz was as disgusting to her as it was amusing. She chuckled as she grabbed her by the hair, the only part of her that was at least somewhat free of their seed.

With a slight grunt she dragged mommy off of the bed, her limp body occasionally spasming, another convulsion that forced a gush of semen out of her abused pussy. Emily sat her up on the ground with her back to the sofa, her legs crossed in the lotus position. She had free access to the cum oozing cunt between mommies legs now.

“Get over here slaveboy. Sit down next to your dear mommy. Oh and bring over that tray of cookies. You know I always loved your moms cookies. She used to put such… passion into making them. So much love, wouldn’t you agree? Don’t you think it would be a waste to just let these cookies grow stale? We’d have to throw them all away and I think that would just be disrespectful towards mommy, right slave?” she said, her voice dripping with the sweet venom Nathan had now grown all too accustomed to.

There would be no denial from Nathan, no words of protest, no resistance. He simply grabbed the tray with his shivering fingers, his mind still a whirlwind of shame and arousal from the primal display of unprotected destruction of his mothers nuthole which he had just witnessed. Timidly he took a seat in front of the sofa, keeping his cum drenched mother between him and Emily. He did not dare to put the tray on the ground, instead resorting to using his mothers well fucked body as a table, her crossed legs making the perfect tabletop.
“But these cookies are just… a little bit dry don’t you think, slave?” she smiled “Don’t you think you’d prefer to eat your mommies cookies with some delicious, warm, wet cream?” Nathan could only gulp and nod. He already knew what was going to follow and so did his body. The blood rushed from his flushed cheeks down to his loins, returning the shameful boner he had popped just minutes earlier as his he watched his mother being violated by a stranger in his own bed.

“It’s a good thing that your mommy whipped up a fresh, hot batch of delicious cream with her friend just now. Let’s see how good this delicious looking cream is going to taste…” she said as she grabbed one of the freshly baked cookies. The cum was still flowing out of Nathan’s mother’s beaten pussy, a steady stream of baby batter drenching the floor of Nathan’s bedroom. Emily simply held the pastry in front of the beet-red, swollen cunt and waited as the salty semen soaked through it. The cookie absorbed the cum steadily, turning from a dry sweet, into a soggy, cream covered delight.

“Open up boy!” she commanded. Nathan could only do as he was told, opening his mouth and sticking out his tongue for her gift. “mmh good boy!” she said as she rubbed the cum covered pastry over his tongue, coating it in the slimy jizz that had just left his mothers cunt.

“I can tell you really love these delicious cookies your mommy made for you. Come on, open up. We won’t stop until you’ve eaten every single cookie we have.” She whispered to him as she grabbed another cookie. This time she went straight for the source, pushing it against his mothers oozing pussy. Slowly she slid it up her engorged, flushed lips, picking up a huge glob of semen that was already bigger than the cookie itself was. Carefully she balanced it towards his mouth. “Open up!” she said as she angled the cookie towards his mouth, allowing the chunky salty treat to flow from the soggy pastry into his warm mouth.

As he swallowed, the gooey dollop of semen clogged up his throat, but Nathan managed to push

through, opening his mouth back up to receive the soggy biscuit his mistress had gracefully made for him. He chewed slowly, savoring the taste of his mothers pussy juices mixed with the salty taste of cum. Together they created a sweet and savoury harmony of sex in his mouth that he had never tasted before. Again and again he swallowed, his tight throat gagging him with the wad of cream that was still unwilling to go down. Until finally he managed to swallow it down, making sure his body would savour the hot gift the stranger had bestowed upon his mothers fuckhole.

Emily paid him no mind, she was already back to scraping out the thick ropes of semen out of mommies gaping hole. Over and over she jammed the pastries into her drooling pussy, covering them in the mixture of her juices and their sperm. Billions of potent swimmers were soaking through the cookies, coating Nathan's mouth, throat and stomach in their virile juices.
"Look at you, eagerly gulping down the creamy cookies your mommy made for you. Isn't she just the best.

So good and caring. She really only deserves the best, don't you think? She deserves a reward for the warm, tasty paste she made for you. You know what, slave? I think we'll give her the reward she really craves. When you're done eating every last drop of her cream, I'll get my friends to come in your bedroom and work her over again. This time they'll all take her at the same time, every single one of her disgusting slutty holes, plugged and fucked by their humongous, juicy cocks. They'll breed every single one of your mothers holes, stirring them up with their fat fuckpoles until she's so addicted to them that she'll be begging to give every stranger on the street a rimjob just to be able to get another taste of their cocks." She whispered as she put another salty, soggy cookie on his outstretched, waiting tongue.

"Yes, your mother will become a dirty street whore, sucking cocks and licking assholes in the alleys for money so we can finance our lifestyle. Well, we could do it even without her help, since I'll have you sign away everything your family owns to me. Of course your father is still in the picture, but someone is already working on it. By the time we're done with him, he'll be begging to sign away all the things your family worked so hard for. You'll have nothing left and it will all be your fault…" she mused, shoving a broken cookie deep into the mother's brutalized pussy.
"Your sister is being worked over right now so she's not really anyone to worry about. By now they'll have fucked her asshole raw 5 times over. She's probably so filled with their cum that she'll be shooting it out like a fountain when they eventually do pull out. Whenever that might be, lord knows she's a damn tight piece of ass. I'm sure she really fought with everything she had, but by the time the first one of them forces his cock into her tight ass, stretching and tearing it up they'll already have beaten any resistance out of her. They do it like this…" she mused as she gutpunched Nathan's mother right in the womb. A cumdrunk moan escaped her lips as she contracted, forcing out a wave of cum covered cookie crumbles. Quickly Emily forced Nathan's face into his mothers crotch, forcing him to eat the salty, cum-cream covered cookie bits straight from her gaping vagina.

"It'll be a life of luxury to be sure. We'll liquidate all the assets your father's company owns, effectively dissolving the legacy of your family with just two little signatures. You won't just have to watch your mother and sister star in the most disgusting borderline illegal snuff pornography, you'll also have to live with the fact that it was all your fault." She said as she grabbed at the tray, her mind wandering to the beautiful image of the near future. It was only then that she realise, that she had already fed him the entire tray of sticky, semen coated cookies. He had cleaned up the cream feast with his tongue, his belly already swollen from the amount of seed he had ingested.

“Looks like we’re out of cookies! What a miserable servant your mother is. I do believe she is in need of a little punishment. Slave, lay down on that bed, this time I want you to watch, really watch as they give your mother the rough fucking she needs.”

7 - A Broken Family

When the men came back from the hunt, having nourished themselves on whatever food the Drake families kitchen had to offer, they were agitated. Agitated because despite rummaging through the house, tearing it inside and out, they had been unable to find any significant riches. The most precious thing they had found, aside from Nathan's mother, was his sister. When they found her, she was busy facetiming with her best friend, talking about how annoying and racist her father was and how she couldn't wait until she had enough money to get out of the house. Since all the riches would go to Nathan when their father died, Nathan's sister was to be wedded to another, equally rich and powerful family.

Her dream to simply leave and see the world was interrupted in much the same way as her call. By a pair of big, strong hands grabbing her by the throat and pinning her down as a juicy, thick cock split her in two.

Her friend could still hear her desperate cries as the home invader thrust his cock inside of her, choking away any possible sounds of resistance. Every time he hammered his mighty piece of man meat into her virgin slit, he gripped her tighter so only a tiny yelp could escape her lips. Over and over he assaulted her pussy with his cock, his heavy balls slapping against her ass as he violated her, the sound of flesh clapping against flash reverberating in the walls of her room.

With each thrust she resisted less, slowly loosening her tight grip on his enormous, bulging cock. Naturally he would react by grabbing her throat even tighter, constricting his powerful grip more and more until her body was bucking and spasming below him, begging for just the tinies gasp of air. Her head had turned a deep red and her eyes had lost all focus as they slowly wandered upward in tandem with her fleeting consciousness. When she threatened to fall unconscious, to release her grip on him, he simply softened up his vice like grip on her delicate, pale throat a little bit. Just enough so she could take one breath, enough to keep her feeble, female brain from dying in his strong, manly arms.
Eventually he grew tired of her incessant need for oxygen. With a few more deep, long thrusts he erupted inside of her, his glans kissing her cervix, warm, sticky cum flooding her womb as orgasm after orgasm rippled over her shivering body.

He left her behind, body and mind a broken, a drooling mess, her gaping slit now oozing the milky, hot gift he had left behind.

A nice piece of ass like her didn't make up for a lack of loot though, the three men definitely agreed. They didn't know that Emily had already claimed the biggest prize the house had to offer. Once Nathan's father was out of the picture, he would be the sole heir of the family fortune. The same fortune she had set her eyes on when she had first met him. In her pocket she carried the secret that was most valuable in this house. Of course she wouldn't let these brutes in on it though.

No they were there to do her bidding. She had promised a set fee after all, ransacking the house was just a bonus after all.

And for their fee they would work just as Emily had dictated it.
She didn't need to command them, they already knew what they would do. One of them grabbed Nathan's mother by the arm, pulling her back onto the bed where another one of them had left her, filled to the brim with creamy cum, a short while before.

The others were already about to jump into the action when Emily objected.

„Now, now boys. We talked about this. I want my dear little slave to really know just how good his mommy feels when she's with you. I would never be so cruel as to leave her alone with strangers after all. He needs to know just how much she loves you boys." she said, her voice dripping like honeyed venom.
„I want him to be really close to the action. I want him to look right into his mothers eyes as you destroy this bitch and her slutty fuckholes with your thick fuckpoles. And that's why I brought something special..." she said, gesturing towards a weird leather contraption she had brought with her.

It was a collar, designed to go loop around the neck of two people, shaped like the number 8. The leather rings would be locked up tight, forcing the two victims to look at each other as unspeakable things were done to them. They would have no choice but to look in each other's eyes, no choice but to share the suffering and delight the other experienced.

„Now get up on that bed slave. Your friends are all waiting for you~~~" she said, her grin cracking up into a gentle giggle.

Nathan would never disobey her. He simply complied, following her orders. He laid down on the bed, the tight collar around his throat, tight enough to be uncomfortable, loose enough to allow for air.

With a smack on her voluptuous ass they woke Nathan's mother for her cockdrunk slumber, her cumdrenched face a vision of sleepy ecstasy.
She was eager to comply when they spanked her fat cheeks hard enough to leave a dark red mark on them. They simply told her to smother her beta son with her semen covered body. In exchange she would be allowed to go another round with these strong alpha male cocks she loved so much.

Her massive breasts were pressing on his chest, covering his shirt in the semen that was still dripping off of them. These warm, soft pillows that he once suckled the milk out of were now only there to arouse this powerful gang of thugs whose only directive would be to destroy the woman he had once known as his mother. Feeling them rubbing over him, hard nipples pocking against his stained shirt, was enough to excite Nathan. Only a few weeks ago he would've only felt shame from popping his tiny boner to the thought of his mothers breasts, but now he was a broken man, willingly trapped below the Venus like body of his mommy, who was about to be ploughed, fucked, animalistically bred by these strangers unwashed cocks. With his tiny cockle she wouldn't even notice and even if he had been born an alpha like these thugs, she wouldn't have noticed either. No, her mind were only on the juicy dicks that were about to enter her, not the shrimp noodle dicklet that would never even be able to make it past her juicy thick ass.

When Emily locked Nathan and his mother together, collars interlocked, forcing Nathan to stay on eye level with the cock hungry whore that used to be his mother, the clicking of the lock around mommies collar acted as a signal for the men who were all ready and waiting, semi flaccid cocks hanging down,

ready to take a plunge into those wet holes in front of them.
“Yo how the fuck do you want me us to fuck this bitches holes if that beta cuck is blocking the way, man?” one of them complained. Emily didn’t particularly care. This wasn’t about them, this was about Nathan and his family after all. “Jerk off over in that corner for all I care. Or take turns, who gives a shit, there’s more than enough holes in this house for the three of you.”

The mans face changed from anger to amusement. Yes there were enough holes in that house, that’s true. He couldn’t turn Emily into his woman yet however. He would one day though, as soon as he got paid. Or so the man thought as he left to look for the sloppy cumrag that used to be Nathan’s sister.

The other two were busying themselves with Nathan’s mom in the meanwhile. Nathan had mostly cleaned her gaping cunt, but there was still some hot jizz left in her that Emily hadn’t managed to feed Nathan, mostly because she must have missed them. They combined with the slick sexual juices of his mothers vagina to create a thick, milky lube that would make penetration so much easier for the men. He simply rubbed his erect cock over her pussy, covering the glans with the cumlube, slathering it with her juices until it was glistening, ready to impale the hungry fuckhole in front of him. When he inserted himself, he did so in one aggressive, hard thrust, impaling her cunt all the way to the base of his cock, violently hitting her delicate cervix with the head of his cock, her womb shacking and vibrating as electric shocks of pleasure were sent up her spine. Her moist pussy was plugged and stretched, flushed with heat and arousal so intense that she began dripping her sex down onto Nathan’s legs until he was sitting in a small puddle of his precum and her fluids.

When she felt his cock banging against her sensitive cervix, spreading the walls of pussy, rubbing along the flushed walls of her pussy, she gasped out, tongue lolling about like a dumb animal. The other man used this opportunity to insert his own cock into her welcoming mouth, pushing his cock deeper into her wet cavity by grabbing her head with his hands. Her eyes went wide at the sudden invasion of her throat, the hard cock in her mouth rubbing over her tongue as he pushed it deeper and deeper, forcing her head closer to his crotch. She began gagging violently as the large penis in her throat cut off her air supply, spit dripping down her lolling tongue down onto Nathan’s face.

Fruitlessly she attempted to pull back, to regain her ability to breathe for at least a short second, but she couldn’t possibly hope to win against a strong alpha male like him. He would mercilessly fuck her throat until she passed out. Tears were streaming down her eyes as she accepted her fate, accepted that she was nothing more than a cocksleeve for these strong men to use, abuse and throw away whenever they’d like. Bliss washed over her as her eyes rolled back into her head, orgasmic waves of pleasure running down her spine as she spasmed, shivered and passed out on the two cocks spitroasting her holes.

Nathan couldn’t look away as his mother’s mouth, the mouth that used to kiss him good night, that used to read him stories, that used to tell him that he was loved, was violated by the dirty, spit covered, cum drenched cock that was barely an inch away from his face, pumping away harshly at the hot, greedy throat of his whore mommy. Every time he pulled back, strings of saliva remained to connect cock and mouthpussy, glans and lips together. His heavy swinging balls were wet and glistening with her spit.

She laid heavy on him, her fat, perky breasts pressing down on his chest, her limp legs intertwined with his, big, strong thighs rubbing against the tiny cockled that had risen in his pants. Drops of spittle and

precum were drizzling down on his face, his head unable to get out of the way of the creamy rain that was descending on him. When he had choked her into losing consciousness, she had lost control over her bladder and pussy, a warm dribble of urine had pooled on the sheets of Nathan's bed, staining the mattress even further.

Having lost all her tension, her pussy and mouth had loosened up, losing their grip on the two cocks that had been violating her. They had noticed as well, gently pulling their cocks out of the bruised, beaten holes they had just spread apart. Slowly they pulled out, making sure not to hurt her ruined pussy and throat anymore than they already had.

Strings of saliva and pussy juice were still clinging to the hard, steamy horsecocks that had been pumping away at her so eagerly just minutes ago. Nathan felt a sense of relief. It was finally over. They had shown mercy towards the woman who had raised and nurtured him. They had stopped as she went unconscious, opting not to breed her, not to fill her holes with their hot seed.

With a loud *SMACK* to the face he awakened Nathan's mother again, the stinging pain of the mans hand having brought her back to the world of the living. They laughed and the other man began spanking her ass with loud, meaty slaps. They both beat her again and again, loud stinging slaps to her whorish face and fat, pale ass until the red marks of their palms could be seen against her skin.

Even as she slowly regained her consciousness, she didn't resist their assault. Each time their palms hit her ass, her gaping cunt spasmed, tightening on the cock that was no long filling her. Each time their palms hit her face she smiled, dreamy eyes begging for another hit, lolling tongue extending into the air, turning and licking, craving the cock that had almost killed her moments ago. They were quick to oblige. Without a shred of mercy the man rammed his veiny cock back into her wet throat. With his strong hands he began chocking her rhythmically, massaging his own cock with her oesophagus as she greedily lapped at his fat, swining nutsack. Her eager tongue didn't miss a single inch of those gorgeous testicles in front of her, licking up every single bit of nutsweat she could.

The other man had grown tired of the gaping cunt in front of him. Using his semen, precum and pussyjuice as lube, he prodded at the tight pink anus that so far had remained unviolated. He would have to stretch her out gently, loosening her up slowly and deliberately, allowing her sensitive anus to grow accustomed to the feeling of having something inserted into it.
With force he pushed his pussylube covered cock into her tight, pink asshole, painfully stretching it to fit the massive piece of man meat he was packing.

She would have screamed in surprise and glee had she not been gagged with another fat cock whom she was now massaging with the constrictions of her throat. All she could do was moan and dribble spit and juices onto Nathan as the man pushed deeper inside of her. She could feel every inch of his cock splitting her apart, stretching her, impaling her sensitive anus all the way out. Feeling him rub against the walls of her rectum sent another shuddering orgasm through her. His heavy balls slapped against her as he pushed the entirety of his shaft into her voluptuous body. When he began moving, pulling his cock slowly out of her anus, she gripped him tightly, holding on to him with her asshole as she screamed and shuddered, spasming waves of pleasure crushing down on her like a tidalwave.

She didn't mean to let his cock go until it had nutted deep inside of her anus, a request that he was happy to fulfil. With a single deep thrust he impaled her once again, ramming his veiny cock deep inside

of her, splitting her anus open, tearing it apart as she spasmed in ecstasy. He simply pumped away at her, each pull of his cock, having her anus grip to him, each hard, ball slapping thrust causing her to yelp out in excitement, tightening down on the cock in her throat. With one last, deep thrust he climaxed, shooting thick ropes of his hot seed deep into her fertile shithole until her belly was bulging with his creamy semen.

The man denied her the sweet throatpie she was craving. Instead he pulled out until only her lips aching lips were left to caress the tip of his fat cock. She desperately attempted to wrap her mouth around him again, pulling forward to choke herself on his girth once again, but she was stopped by the collar around her neck. She didn't care for her beta son squirming below her, the only reason she had noticed him is because he was the only thing preventing her from feeling his milky, gooey seed pour down into her stomach.

She grimaced, her tongue and lips doing all the could to suck his cum inside of her. He denied her however, opting to coat her gorgeous face with a thick semen facial instead. Ropes of his thick cum were hitting her face, the first one hitting her directly in the eye, coating it with a thick layer of gooey jizz, the rest of them he put all over her face and hair until she was completely drenched in his nutbutter. Heavy drops of virile semen were running down her chin, dripping onto Nathan's face.

Like a true semen addict she did all she could to slurp down as much of his seed as she could, licking her lips to get as much of the semen she craved as she possibly could. With her hands she scooped up the rest, licking her fingers, drinking down the little puddle of gooey jizz that had now pooled in her hands. She finally felt the bliss she was craving as she was lying there, lost in a cockdrunken stupor, on top of her cuck son.

"Well, wasn't that just fun for the whole family?" Emily laughed. "I can't believe you actually just watched your mother getting all of her holes destroyed by these complete strangers. By these brutal thugs that wouldn't think twice about beating you to death in exchange for some more head from your whore mommy." Every ounce of her evil was put into that deadly grin of hers.
But what could he have done? There was no escape, no way out of their clutches. No way to avert his gaze from his mothers face as it was pounded by a thick, juicy cock. There was no way to avoid the creamy cumsauce dripping from her chin onto his face. The collar had ensured that he would witness it all, from the brutal start to the inevitable facial finish.
"I can't believe you didn't even struggle once. You really just laid there like a good little cucky, watching mommy get railed by their cocks. Don't give me that look as if this entire thing was my fault. You could have left at any point." She laughed aloud "Haven't you realised!? It wasn't locked! I never locked that collar around your neck! If you had struggled just once, if you had managed to take your eyes of mommies cock hungry, whore mouth for just a second, you would have noticed it yourself. The only thing that kept you trapped under that thick body of hers, was you… how ironic…" Nathan had thought that Emily had already lost all feelings she had, if she ever had any for him to begin with, but that look of crushing disappointment, that looked that seemed to say "I expected more of you" hurt more than anything he had seen that day.

"Well, now that you know… I guess you could leave. You could just go out and never look back. No one is keeping you here. You could leave all these bad memories behind… unless…? Maybe you'd prefer to stay… right here? Stay and see all the wonderful things I still have in store for you and your family…" her smile had turned from cruel to sweet. A poisonous smile that had been controlling Nathan from the start.

He simply laid there, crushed by the human fleshlight that used to be his mother. Listening to her groan and beg for cock as a single tear rolled down his check.

8 - Breaking the Sister

The wine glistened, almost sparkled in the midsummer sun. The dark ruby coloured nectar was the perfect luxury to end an exhausting day on. Days of fading sunlight pierced the humongous glass walls that acted as the houses border to the garden and the rest of the grounds.
Sitting comfortably in the large mahagony chair that was usually only reserved for the patriarch of the Drake family, Emily took a pensive sip of that ruby red.
The dark liquid filled her eager mouth, coating it entirely with it's rich sweetness, her tongue awash with tastes that were only reserved for those few select individuals that could possibly afford the results of a pearless harvest that had occurred decades ago.

The only thing that made such an elated liquor even sweeter, is the fact that someone else had paid for it.
The Drake families coffers were filled with riches, both culinary and otherwise, all due to the unceasing efforts of Nathan's forebearers.
But now it was an outsider, a woman no less, that had cheated her way to the top.

She sighed. A heavy sigh of relief.

Through cunning and devious planning she had accomplished her goal of quiring the wealth of the Drake family.

"Ah…" she smiled, before taking another sip.
"Good year for wine, don't you think, slave?"

Nathan knew better than to reply. Naturally he only spoke when spoken to, but quickly he had learned that not every question was for him to answer. Instead he silently nodded his head, the dark leather collar, the only thing he was allowed to wear now, chaffed against his neck with each movement.

"We truly worked hard for this, didn't we?" she said as she took another sip, swilling it around in her mouth before swallowing it.

She hadn't really paid much attention to him so far, instead opting to simply muse to herself as she enjoyed the win. When she looked at his weak, pathetic, nude form kneeling next to her throne, ready to receive her order, her gaze pierced him.

Her eyes were cold, white and blue, able to really see into a man's soul.
"It's all because of you, you know. You were the one that made all of this possible." She smiled.

"The first one to be knocked down, the first part of the chain reaction that led us down this path." She mused.

"Oh and you were so easy, so eager to submit. Almost as if you were just waiting for your whole insignificant life for me. Yes, you were so easy to break. Unlike that sister of yours. She must have your

fathers blood. Strong and rebellious.

You? You were your whore mother's son. Quick to surrender when a fat juicy cock is waved in your face." As condescending as her words were, her smile was still heart-warming.
A cold shiver of conflicting feelings ran down Nathan's back. A feeling of cognitive dissonance as his brain tried to reconcile her betrayal with the love he held for her.

"Yes, your father is a different matter." She said, sounding mildly annoyed as she swilled the wine around in the pristine glass she was holding. "We're on him and I'm sure it'll only be a matter of time until he also surrenders. Oh your sister was fun though. Seeing her realise how she was betrayed by one of her beloved family members… It was so good that I just had to savour it. Do you want to see? Do you want to see how I broke her?" her last words were reverberating in Nathan's head.

His mouth was dry, his confused eyes were darting and shifting across the floor. He could feel the dry, heavy mass of his tongue resting in his mouth. A droplet of sweat dripped from his brow as he silently, slowly nodded.

Emily took another sip, savouring the taste of the sweet ruby red. With a few small motions of her fingers, she had activated the flatscreen that covered most of the wall adjacent to the windows.
With another few taps on her phone, she began playing a video.

The quality was superb. 8K, 240 frames of highest definition goodness. The format was a bit unusual however, as it was bored, top, right and bottom by solid bars of various colours.
Nathan recognized them as some sort of knock off or parody of the streaming services that had become to popular in the 2010s.

There was a donation bar at the top with several names passing by. It was certainly an international crowd.

----**Ibrahim Awad Ibrahim Ali al-Badri al-Samarrai donated 12000$---**

----Shir? Ishii donated 8000$----

----Adam Smith donated 7690$---

The chat bar on the right was also quite active. Comment after comment scrolled by.

Bender: POGGERS
Monkey42: COME TO BRAZIL JAJAJAJA

Lovedash: Inb4 ban lololo

Indigo66: AYOOO WHGERE DEM TOES AT

Denkstenk: START THE STREAM ALEADY

Seagull: Get those wallets we're about to S I M P

The bottom bar merely showed the name of the stream

!!!ALL OR NOTHING ULTIMATE WAGER!!!

The thing that stood out the most however, was the stream itself. They had removed the furniture and padded the ground and walls, but it was undoubtably his sisters room.
Nathan could only watch in shock as the camera panned around to focus on the two fighters that were facing each other from across the room.

The hardly noticed the scores of sextoys that were scattered around the room. Dildos, buttplugs, anal beads, vibrators, whips, cuffs and more, all in different shapes and sizes, were strewn everywhere, all of them glistening against the light, undoubtably due to the film of oily lube covering them.

The two women were no different.
At the one end of the room, the beautiful bronze body of a Latina fitness model was galzed with a thick layer of baby oil, giving her soft abs an even wilder, sexier look. Her Dark hair hung loosely around her shoulders, silky sleek with the oil that covered her body. She looked confident, almost cocky. Cocky enough to let her hair run wild in the way that it did at least. It was clear that she was looking forward to this experience. Her hazel eyes were set on the pale figure across from her.
Nathan's sister had donned donned her ginger, auburn hair in a tight ponytail that would give her opponent no angle of attack.

She was built like her mother, one of the few traits the two of them shared. Thick, strong thighs, beautiful legs, child birthing hips and a voluptuous ass that just won't quit. The fact that her breasts weren't nearly as large as her mothers had always bothered her, but aside from that she was just as drop dead gorgeous.
The opponents were circling around the room slowly, carefully sidestepping so as not to slip with their oil covered feet. Like two animals caged they went round and round waiting for the other to show a sign of weakness.

"Here we are once again my friends! Most of you should already know what's about to happen, but for all the first time viewers let's recap this special one of a time event in Sex Fight history!" an excited female voice chirped from somewhere offscreen.

"Tonight we have a real wager match! Curtesy of a VERY generous anonymous donor, we have the

lady to lose it all! Leah Drake is fighting for her family fortune in tonight's super high stakes wager match. Through various circumstances, Leah's family fortune has been taken from her, but in the spirit of fairness and competition, our generous anonymous donor has offered her EVERYTHING back if she wins during tonight's match against La Reina, our very own competitor from not so beautiful Venezuela!" once again the camera shifted to the bronze goddess, her oiled, rippling abs polished to a sheen.

"Just look at that beauty! Wouldn't mind being taken for a spin by that gal, don't you agree chat? Anyways, you know the rules! Both competitors have been injected with an aphrodisiac and a low low dose of muscle relaxant! Not enough to harm them of course. On the contrary, thanks to these wonderful new drugs we can make sure that no matter the size of the toys, no harm will come the various holes of our contestants! First one to cums loses! Any toy in the room is there for your entertainment! Other than that, no more rules! Let's get right into it!" the cheery commentator chirped into the microphone.

Again the camera panned towards the two women circling around the edges of the room. They both looked fierce at first, but their flushed cheeks and quivering, aching slits betrayed their true feelings. Slow drips of slick pussy juice were running down their thighs.

The drugs had already made their marks. Their rosy pussies were clearly aching for stimulation, but the way they wobbled, a bit unsure and insecure about how to move, indicated that the muscle relaxant had also done its job. It took them a visible effort to stay stable on the ground, their eyes shifting from each other, to the ground, to the various sex based obstacles that made moving even more risky.

It only took the Latin beauty to start her assault. She lurched forward in an attempt to grapple Leah to the ground, trying to grab her by the waist so she could mount on top of her so she could freely toy with her prey.

Their slick, well-toned bodies collided, bronze skin rubbing over the perfectly pale skin of her opponent. She had misjudged her ability to successfully grab a hold of Leah. Her oiled arms slid past her waist, unable to get a hold of her spotless skin, until her face brushed against Leah's shiny belly and they both fell into an uncontrolled pile of nude skin, sweat and oil.
The Latina goddess quickly regained her momentum, whipping her hips around as she grabbed Leah's legs. With her whole weight she sat down on her belly, weighing her down and keeping her pinned to the ground. Quickly she wrapped her left arm around both of Leah's legs, sticking them straight up into the air to reveal her flushed, gushing slit and wonderfully big ass.
"Look at that folks! Reina has the challenger in an armlock! With her pretty little pussy on display like that it'll only be a matter of minutes until Reina rubs that slutty clit to victory!" the commentator mused.

Leah did her best to squirm and resist, budging and trying to break free from the superior competitor that was on top of her. With her nimble fingers, Reina began stimulating Leah's quivering pussy, rubbing them over her engorged, pink lips, oil and pussy juice mixing on her fingers.

Up and down she ran them over her slit, parting the lips with her middle and index to show the viewers the pretty, cock craving fuckhole she was dominating. With her thumb she rubbed across her swollen clitoris, forcing moan after moan out of Leah's wet throat.

Leah knew she was in trouble. The aphrodisiac made her already sensitive pussy crave stimulation even

more than before. Already she came close to cumming as waves of pleasure crashed down upon her with every time Reina moved her delicate fingers over her quivering lips. Getting mounted and dominate by a stronger woman, having her pussy played with for the entertainment of strangers, it shouldn't make her feel so good. She had to resist, had to fight for her family fortune… but just surrendering to the pleasure, to the promise of getting fucked like a common street whore for the rest of her life all seemed so incredibly appealing…

Reina was already confident in her win. She knew about Nathan's surrender. How a single woman brought down an entire family clan. This pathetic pale girl she was dominating was from the same, weak breed. Reina's perceived superiority made her sloppy.

Leah's thoughts cleared for a single moment, rationality breaking through the haze of pleasure for just enough time to mount a resistance. Nimbly she slipped her oily fingers between her belly and Reina's fat Latina cheeks. With one hand she began rubbing her drooling pussy, her fingers running along her pink lips as she quickly slipped the thumb of her left hand into Reina's unprotected, bleached anus.

The Latina cried out in pleasure as she felt fingers invading her holes, mercilessly prodding and rubbing along the walls of her ass and pussy until finally her grip upon Leah's legs loosened.
It was time for Leah to turn the tables. With her thumb hooked neatly in the Latinas anus, she pulled her other hand back, a slick strand of pussy juice coating her fingers, and grabbed the bronze womans should. With proper technique she pushed the woman off of her body and to the side until she had mounted her back. With her foot, she pinned the woman's head to the ground as she twisted around until she faced the voluptuous derriere the Latina had been trying to hide from her.

"Look at that folks! What an amazing twist! Our sweet little challenger has managed to turn the whole thing around on La Reina. Look at that pink pussy on display for you all! What a nice contrast to that pure bronze skin… now let's see her FUCK! THAT! CUNT!" the commentator cheered as the chat was filled with the catchphrase of the stream.
Leah had forced the Latina down on her knees, with her face smushed into the ground. Here entire weight was riding on her upper body, a pinning move that would allow no escape. Leah had already won by submission, now it was time for her to win for real.

She laughed as she grabbed the two jiggling buttcheeks with her own hands and spread them apart to reveal the womans pretty bleached anus to the crowd watching at home. With the win secured in her mind she only smiled condescendingly at the camera. Today she showed all those disgusting perverts who the real queen was. Once she won, she would put everything in motion to find the hosts of this event and make them pay.

Once they were found, she'd make sure that they would suffer for the embarrassment they put her through. They would cease to be people. No, they would become her toys to play with, to use and to abuse however she'd like. They would be cleaning the disgusting, dirty, public toilets of the city with their tongues and it would be a welcome distraction from being forcefed gallons of nasty, week old cum. She'd watch as they were forced to give sloppy rimjobs to the homeless people begging for cash and she'd watch as they were bred to bursting by horses, dogs and pigs until they finally decided that the sweet release of death would be preferential to the torment she had in store for them.
She grinned as she thought of all these wonderful ideas. Now all she had to do was seal the deal.

Enthusiastically she buried her face between those big, beautiful cheeks, feeling her face get squished by that massive butt. With her lolling tongue she began teasing the other girls anus, running it along the rim over and over until it was completely covered in spit, strands of saliva were still connecting her mouth to the delicious asshole in front of her. The low moans leaving the woman's mouth were a good sign that she was hitting the perfect spots.

Leah pulled back her tongue, her wet lips connecting with the bleach rim with a wet *smooch*. She was French kissing that delectable anus, kissing it, licking and caressing it with her tongue. With her lips planted firmly on the rim she began sucking as her tongue invaded the other girls hot asshole, rubbing it along the hot walls of her quivering rectum.
The low moans had turned into shrieks of pleasure as the stimulation became too much to handle. Only a few moments more, only a few more flicks across her clit, only a bit more of that wonderfully wet rimjob…

Leah didn't hear the soft click of the key turning, unlocking the door to this unusual arena. Maybe somewhere in the less conscious, the more animalistic, basic part of her brain she had heard the door opening in the blind spot right behind her, had realised the insurmountable danger it posed to her.

But she was much too busy celebrating her perceived victory, basking in the glory of her own superiority to the woman she had just dominated. She couldn't see the chat scrolling by at lightning speed, nor could she hear the exhilarated voice of the commentator shouting in delight.

There was no clue to her downfall other than the soft door lock and the light footsteps of impending doom.
She screamed out in shock, pain and pleasure, all of these feelings mixing together into a cacophony of guttural moans,
The large pink dildo that had invaded her asshole had only been half inserted, but it spread her apart nonetheless.

With her muscles chemically relaxed and the big toy slathered in a thick layer of lube, it hadn't taken much force to insert, to stretch Leah's slutty fuckhole apart. Her shock turned to despair as she fell, her whole body convulsing as ripples of pleasure washed over her, running down her spine, a tingling feeling that emanated from her anus all the way to the tips of her fingers.

"m-mom…" was all she could utter through her clenched teeth. The woman that was towering over the quivering, drooling mess was hardly recognizable.
Her mother's face was clouded, dimmed by the insatiable lust for cock they had fucked into her. She moved as if in a trance, drunk on the dicks and the seed of strange men that had bred her just moments before.

Her hair was a sticky mess as she long foregone the effort of styling it. Now she simply kept it tightly fit as a pony tail for easy access, or she just left it as it fell, a mess of long hair, drenched in the spit, urine and semen of her anonymous partners.
Her whorish makeup would have added further to her cockdrunk aura had it not been ruined by the counltess penises that had fucked her throat, spreading their seed over her face or pumping it deep into her warm, pulsating mouth pussy.

The countless brutal facefucks had left her covered in sticky semen, tears and her own saliva, ruining the mascara that was now running down her face.
Her already large breasts and butt had swollen even further, enlarged by her diet and the countless unprotected creampie that had surely already left her bred and impregnated. The slim piercings in her nipples and clit were reflecting the lighting in the room, same as the bell they had attached to the collar around her neck.
Leah would've won if only she had paid attention to that tingling sound. Now she was at the mercy of her two assailants.

Having realised her surprising win, Reina began to holler and cheer. The little whore she had been fighting would pay for what would have surely been a humiliating defeat.
It was a simple thing to turn the drooling mess in front of her over on her back. Reina grabbed her own ample buttcheeks and spread them, placing her bleached asshole firmly on Leah's mouth as her fat cheeks pinched her nose shut.

"You better eat my culo goo, puta!" she shouted, exhilarated by the feeling of victory.
Leah barely registered what was happening, all she could feel was the large, slimey dildo, slowly pumping in and out of her stretched anus.
Leah's mother was merciless, forcing the fat pink cock deeper and deeper inside of her, meeting the resistance of her rectum with an even more forceful push.

Leah couldn't resist, even if she still had the will to do so. The feeling of that thick, fat dildo pushing deeper inside of her, rubbing the hot walls of her asshole, was making her crazy, drooling and salivating, quivering and spasming rhythmically in mind breaking pleasure. She barely realised the fat Latina ss suffocating her with its thick cheeks.

She licked and suckled the rim of Reina's asshole, caressing it with her tongue as the sweet nectar of body oil and sweat was gushing into her mouth.
The drug was affecting Reina too. All she could do was burry her fingers in Leah's hair, holding onto it as the girl licked and pleasured her to countless orgasms that made her shiver in delight.

With a quick pull, Leah's mother removed the dildo hidden in Leah's rectum, leaving behind a gaping fuckhole that merely pulsated, muscles contracting as if her anus winking, longing for a fat cock to fill the void.

As she slowly lost consciousness, suffocated by the two fat bronzen asscheecks wrapped around her nose and mouth, she could feel her mothers hand pushing into her, nimble lubed fingers stretching her apart until her thumb entered her with a wet ***plop*** and her whole fist was buried deep inside the drooling mess that had once been her daughter.

The stream kept going for a while, focusing on Leah's mother who simply inserted more of her arm into her daughters asshole. The chat was going crazy, donation after donation rolling in as people were praising the anonymous benefactor that had made this even possible in the first place.

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“As you can see, I gave her a very fair chance. Guess she had more in common with you than I though. Neither of you really to care what’ll happen once I have all of your wealth at my disposal…” she smiled. “But don’t worry. I’ll be gentle with you…” she said as she caressed his head lovingly, the last of his wine swilling in her glass.

9 - The End of the End

“You know, all this newly aquired wealth has made me rethink the situation of the… less fortunate members of our society. The poor families. Like yours for example.” Emily said, pretending to be deep in thought, her fingers caressing her chin.

“I guess this is what they mean by nouveau riche. Old money wouldn’t think twice about human trash like you after all. But as you know, my generosity and empathy know no bounds.” She cocked her head to the side.

“I decided to give your sister a second chance. A rematch against my girls.” Hearing her refort to his mother as “one of her girls” sent shivers down his spine. She had betrayed both son and daughter for the power of alpha male cock after all. And in the end, it was all his fault.
Emily got up from the family throne and faced the slowly setting midsummer sun, shining it’s last rays over the vast Drake estate.
Even with her back to him, Nathan dared not move out of turn. Too harsh would be the punishment. But even if it wasn’t, she had broken and rebuild his psyche, molded him into the subservient beta slave he was now.

“I’ve already had this little rematch announced to our viewers. There’s just one tiny matter to take care of first.” She said as the doors behind them swung open.
Two of the thugs that had assaulted his mother were carrying the broken, salivating mess that was once his sister, between them, dragging her across the floor by her arms.
They simply dumped her body next to Nathan, tossing her to the floor as if she was nothing more than trash.

“I decided to give our viewers a bit more of a show. I’m sure they enjoyed it as much as her.” She said without facing either of them.
Leah was covered from head to toe in the smelly, thick seed of god knows how many men. The white, gooey cum was pungent, a strong smell of potent alpha male semen mixed with her hot sex was gushing out of her abused pussy.

They had plugged her up air tight, every single one of her holes wrecked by dozens of uncut cocks.
They had made sure to defile her completely, covering her long, silky hair in their hot gooey semen, shooting thick ropes over her face and in her ears, even her eyes weren’t spared as the men held her eyelids up and nutted ropes of hot jelly cum right into them.
When the men had dragged her in, they had made sure to touch her as little as possible, so as not to get stained by the thick nutbutter they had covered her with.
Emily must’ve already seen the sorry sight that was once his sister, however she still looked genuinely disgusted when she faced the two of them.

“Well, she doesn’t look very presentable, now does she?” she said, her eyes glimmering with malicious intent.

“Can’t have her on stream looking like… that. Some cheap, cum drenched whore has no place on my stream. I want you to get her cleaned up. Now.” She proclaimed, her piercing gaze focused on Nathan.

He got up and tried to pick his sister off of the ground. He’d have to get her in a tub of cold water if he wanted even a slim chance of making her somewhat presentable.
“What do you think you’re doing? We don’t have time for this nonsense!” Emily shouted as she approached him, grabbing his hair to force him back down on his knees.
“You really are completely hopeless without me, aren’t you?” She whispered in his ear, her hot breath and sultry voice causing his hair to stand up.
“You’ve got a tongue, boy. Now clean her up.” She said with a smile.

For the first time in a long while Nathan’s soul experienced a new sensation. They had broken hi, turned him into a husk. He had given them his own mother without resistance, but now they had even taken his own sister.

Despair befell him, as he realised the gravity of the situation. There was no one to help him, no one to save his family. They had gotten him and they would get his father too.
Hesitation was not permitted. Emily knew her control over him had to be reinforced constantly. He would’ve never dared rebel against her, he was too weak, but he might try to escape. Or worse.

She pushed his head down onto her until their lips connected.

The kiss tasted salt and sweet. Semen had stained her plush lips and was now coating his own. He wanted to pull back, to be released from his torment.
His sisters wet, hot tongue darted into his mouth, filling it with her sweet saliva, honeyed fluids exchanged between two siblings turned slaves.

Their lips parted only to connect again, strands of saliva connecting them, tongues dancing together in a crescendo of lust between brother and sister.
Emily was disgusted. Seeing them together made her want to hurl. Her own slaves enjoying themselves without her permission… it was inexcusable.

She smiled as she came closer to them. Her smile turned into a maniacal grin as she raised her leg and then brought it down forcefully on Leah’s bloated belly.
Her eyes went wide in shock as the harsh booted foot stomped on her soft belly, gallons of thick, jelly semen pushing their way back up her throat.

A hot torrent of gooey cum gushed into her mouth, flowing on past her tongue and into Nathan’s wet mouth. The taste of salty seed filled his mouth until was all he could taste, all he could smell.

His mind was filled with cum as he gulped down her warm gift, swallowing load after load straight from her wet throat.
She collapsed beneath the boot, a quivering orgasm contracting her muscles, pushing out the jizz they had fucked into her pussy and asshole.

Emily grabbed his hair and forced his head between his sisters spread legs. Quickly he latched onto her gaping pussy, sealing it shut with his lips.

Her juices mixed with the creamy cum into a steady flow of salty sweet gelee. The more he licked the more he sucked the cum out of her abused fuckhole, the more her vagina contracted, pushing even more seed out of her battered womb, right into his craving mouth.

When the flow slowly subsided, he lapped up every single drop that remained, sucking harder and harder to receive as much of the salty gift they had deposited in her womb as he could.
He grabbed her buttcheeks and parted them with his hands, a thick glob of creamy jizz dripping down from her anus right into his open mouth.
They had filled her rectum to the brim with their seed, a steady flow of milky cum that was now dripping into Nathan's eager mouth.

When it eventually subsided, he planted her butt right on his face.
Her once gaping anus had returned to it's tight state, forcing itself to hold all of that delicious ssemen inside.
Nathan planted his lips around her pink pucker and gently suckled on her anus, his tongue prodding against her asshole in a bid to gently coax the creamy cum out.
His gentle approach paid off, as her shithole relaxed and another dollop of thick cumcream dripped onto his tongue.

He kept suckling on her fuckhole until he had swallowed every last drop of the gooey gift they had fucked into her rectum, a delicious cock stirred cocktail of smooth jizz.
Emily was watching with a mix of glee and disgust as her slave lapped up all of the semen her thugs had nutted into his little sister. He still wasn't finished though.
Again she grabbed him by the hair, roughly pulling him out from under his sisters plush buttcheeks.

She pushed his head towards her cum covered feet. Her intentions were clear, Nathan understood without her having to say anything.
He began to lick up dollops of heavy, thick nutbutter, running his tongue over the back of her feet, across her soles and between her delicate toes.
The salty taste of sweat and jizz gilled his mouth as he ran his tongue over her cum coated legs, making sure to lick them completely clean of the creamy seed they had been coated in.
He ran his tongue over her deflated belly, making sure to suck up the jellied nut they had busted in her navel.

Strands of saliva mixed with foamy, goopy cum connected his tongue and her skin as he pulled back from her smooth, semen drenched armpits.
He had done all that he could, her body now glistening with sweat and saliva instead of milky white semen.

"She should be clean enough to appeal to the lowest common denominator in that degenerate chat." She mused to herself.
Nathan's belly was rumbling, filled with gallons of spunk and about ready to burst.

"Good enough I guess." Emily proclaimed.

"Like I said, this second wager match should prove my bottomless compassion and the almost divine mercy I'm willing to give to your family. Again if she wins, you get everything… but if she loses, I'll make

sure you'll never see this bitch again. I'll make sure to sell her to the cheapest, nastiest, most disgusting whorehouse I can find. She'll be rimming dirty assholes until her tongue falls off. You'll get to livestreams of how she'll be spending the rest of her pitiful life. A drug and cock addicted strugglefuck rapetoy to only the most violent and deranged customers there are.

Don't get me wrong, I'll be pimping your cute little ass out too, but at the end of the day, you're mine." She hissed at him, looking and sounding almost deranged.
Nathan could only lower his head before her. His sister was a drooling, cock retarded mess. He already knew how this was going to end…

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"And we are back already! Hope you boys are ready, cock or dildo in hand because we are going into overtime!" the commentator exclaimed with her infectious enthusiasm.
"You saw her lose once! You saw her lose twice! Will we see her lose again!?

It's a rematch, between our challenger and the amazing double trouble tag team. Her very own mother and our very own champion: La Reina!"
Poggers were filling the chat. Someone kept talking about mommy milkers in all caps. The crowd was going wild.

The enthusiasm died down considerably when Emily's thugs dragged Leah into the arena.
It was clear that she wouldn't fight back. That she would be unable to, even if she had wanted.
The match would end before it really started.

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It was a pathetic display, so one sided in nature that it could hardly be considered a match in any sense of the word, let alone an even match.
They toyed with her, used her holes and her wet tongue for their own twisted pleasure, leaving her a gaping, drooling mess. Whatever was left of her personality after that first match was gone, replaced by an emptiness that only a long hard cock could fill.

Nathan could only watch. He felt nothing, not even desperation. A void of feelings filling up his existence. What was he now?

He stopped being a man weeks ago, so what was he now? He didn't even ponder that question as it

would have required him to be able to reflect on the things happening around him. He was an observer and a pawn, watching on as others made moves around him.

“It’s time~~~~” Emily purred.

“You have to go to her, pet. This might be the last time you’ll ever get to see that little whore…” Her words were like a spell, a powerful force that had absolute control over him.
Nathan began to rise slowly, stumbling as blood rushed to his numb legs.

“No, no, no, slave. Only people get to walk. Only the winners. Loser betas have to crawl…” she said, a gleeful smile dancing across her face.
He had no choice but to submit.

Flat on the ground he laid, slowly pushing himself forward, crawling over the floor, not even like a loyal dog, not like a companion to his mistress, but rather like a worm moving through the dirt. A lowly insect not worthy of being acknowledged by a higher being such as her.

Slowly he crept forward, every inch putting him closer to the inevitable misery that was awaiting him. When he saw the door to his sisters room a moment of clarity washed over him. Just for a moment he contemplated it, contemplated simply stopping, making a dash for the exit, rushing across his families estate until he was free.

A loud ***CLAP*** echoed through the hall as Emily’s hand spanked his bare bottom, a cherry red handprint marking his butt as her property.
Any thought of escape vanished.
She hadn’t said anything, yet he knew that resistance would be futile.

Slowly he raised his hand up to the heavy brass door knob. It turned with a creak as the door gently opened.
It was a tragic sight. His sister was cumming and shivering, a nude bundle of sweat, oil and pussy juice plugged up tightly by a fat, silicone dildo and an equally large buttplug they had shoved into her fist-gaped asshole.

His mother was busy enjoying herself with Reina, the two girls rubbing their wet pussies against each other, their delicate fingers and hot tongues intertwined into a bundle of sweaty lust.
His family lay broken before him, centuries of his bloodline reduced to being toys for his sadistic mistress.
Emily strode past him, ignoring his plight much the same way his mother did.

She crouched down next to Leah, her velvet lips so close to Leah’s ear that they almost touched.
“Do you want… revenge?” she whispered.

Leah laid on the floor as a broken mess. It would’ve been difficult to imagine that she’d be able to hear, let alone process the words that were whispered to her.
Her face, a mask of pleasure, twisted as tears were streaming down her face. She knew her fate. She knew what would be done to her now that she lost. She slowly nodded, her head waggling up and down, side to side.

Emily smiled as she got up. Nathan was out of reach, unable to hear Emily's conspiring words, yet he knew they meant nothing good. He was hardly surprised when he felt the prick of the needle in his back. A dull pain rolled over him as the chemical cocktail of muscle relaxant and aphrodisiac grabbed a hold of his body.
He could hardly hold himself up, collapsing on the floor with his arms and legs outstretched.

Emily had broken his cock with her mind control, turning it into a permanently limp clitty that couldn't even get hard with the aphrodisiac, as it rubbed pathetically across the floor.
Her brother was a ridiculous sight of impotent beta male incompetence.

She knew there was no way out for them, that she would spend the rest of her short life as a cumtoilet for Emily's thugs. But even just for a short while she would have her satisfaction. Her revenge. She would get payback for the fall of her family.
Still weak, she crawled over to his limp body.

It took all she had, all her willpower to pull out the fat cock that was stretching her pussy. Ripples of pleasure crusher her mind as a powerful orgasm shook her. Her eyes rolled backwards as the fat cock rubbed along her walls, leaving her pussy an aching gapehole.

She grit her teeth through the crashing waves of pleasure, holding tightly onto the slick, dildo covered in lube and her pussy juices.

She gathered all her willpower, all her hate and frustration as she jammed the fat cock into her brothers tight anus, pushing past and stretching his sphincter until it rubbed over his bulging prostate. With another strong push she inserted the rest of the silicon cock in his rectum, burying it deep inide of his intestine.

The dildo filled him up completely, his entire anus stretched and bulging as the watery cum dribbled out of his broken cockle.

Nathan was too high on the mindbreaking orgasms to notice his sister being dragged away. Maybe this was the last time he'd ever get to see her.

Another dribble of his impotent seed began to stain the floor.